



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM FARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 31.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1802.

WHOLE NO. 707.

STORY OF LA ROCHE.

[Continued from our last.]

MR. ——— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost.—The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to Heaven and having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guests some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard.—They made some attempts at condolence;—it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part. "It has pleased God,"—said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us;—if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within."—"By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend Ma'moiselle at her devotions."—"She is our organist," said La Roche; "our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing."—"Tis an additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. ——— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from Holy Writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.—The organ was touched with a hand less firm;—it paused, it ceased;—and the sobbing of Ma'moiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray.

He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke: but his heart was in his words, and his wrath overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardor of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation—his discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fullness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awoke them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but if he possessed the fervor of enthusiasm, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in Heaven!" might the good man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," said he to Mr. ——— "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers, and musical feeling; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful.—Why should not the same thing be said of religion? True, I feel it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not look for all the blessing of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction,—so lifts me above the world.—Men, I know, is but a worm—yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!"—It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of his belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favorite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. ———, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher

asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, in accessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.—"They are not seen in Flanders!" said Ma'moiselle with a sigh. "That's an odd remark," said Mr. ———, smiling.—She blushed, and he enquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection of his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ———'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father, of the most amiable dispositions and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him.—Not that he was ever a lover of the lady; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's forever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighborhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceeded from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulchre.

[To be concluded in our next.]

MAGNANIMITY.

COUNT MUNICH, minister to the Empress Elizabeth, was banished to Siberia for twenty years, but was restored to his dignity upon the accession of Peter the Third. Soon after this elevation, a man of some distinction in the empire, who had been the means of adding to the rigorous treatment the count had received, threw himself on his knees, and humbly besought forgiveness of his crime. "Go," said the generous man; "were my heart like yours, perhaps I might seek revenge; but as I am above your reach, you have no longer cause to be afraid."

An anecdote of a similar kind is related of the emperor Adrian, who receiving an apology from a man who had been his inveterate enemy before his elevation, made this noble, dignified reply: "My good friend, you have escaped my anger, for I am now an emperor!"

CEREMONY OF A RUSSIAN MARRIAGE.

Of all nations the Russians seem to behave most wisely in the circumstance of jealousy. The wife promises her husband never to let him see her transgression; and he as punctually promises, whenever she is detected, without the least anger, to beat her without mercy; so they both know what each has to expect; the lady transgresses, is beaten, taken again into favor, and all goes on as before. When a Russian young lady, therefore, is to be married, her father with a cudgel in his hand, asks the bridegroom whether he chafes this virgin for his bride? to which the other replies in the affirmative. Upon which, the father turning the lady three times round, and giving her three strokes with his cudgel on the back, "my dear," cries he, "these are the last blows you are ever to receive from your tender father; I resign my authority and my cudgel to your husband; he knows better than me the use of either." The bridegroom knows decorum too well to accept of the cudgel abruptly; he assures the father, that the lady will never want it, and that he would not for the world make any use of it. But the father, who knows what the lady may want better than he, insists upon his acceptance. Upon this, there follows a scene of Russian politeness, while one refuses, and the other offers the cudgel. The whole, however, ends with the bridegroom's taking it, upon which the lady drops a curtsey in token of obedience, and the ceremony proceeds as usual.

ANECDOTE.

The late Mr. Baker of St. John's College, Cambridge, was a person of such remarkable serenity of temper, that nothing was ever known to discompose him. One evening having sat up rather later than usual at a friend's room in Jesus College, and pretty far gone in liquor, he was very much pressed to take the porter and a lantern along with him which he refused. In going to St. John's College it is necessary to pass through a church yard, which, when he arrived at, the wine growing too powerful upon him, he fell flat upon his back between two grave stones. After making several efforts to raise himself to no purpose, he folded his arms with great calmness, and was heard to say, "As mighty well, I suppose I shall rise with the rest of them."

SCRAP

AVARICE may pile; robbery may plunder; mines may be opened; hidden treasures may be discovered; gamesters may win cash; conquerors may win kingdoms; but all such means of acquiring riches are transient and determinable; while industry and commerce, are the natural, the living, the never failing foundations from whence the wealth of this world can alone be taught to flow.

ELEGY,

Written by a Young Gentleman in a Consumption.

SICKNESS, I yield to thy subduing sway,
A livid paleness o'er each feature steals;
Wildly irregular my pulses play,
And all my frame a listless languor feels.

Dim are those eyes that once resplendent shone,
And faint the throbblings of this aching breast;
My faltering voice has lost its wonted tone,
And all my sorrows are by sighs express'd.

Few are the transports I may hope to share,
While here a lingering victim I remain;
Anticipation heightens my despair,
And Retrospection sharpens every pain.

The sports of youth, in which I once partook,
Alas! no more th' approving smile can wake:
On every scene I cast a heedless look,
Nor know but that may be the last I take.

The social converse of my only friend,
So pleasing once, I now can scarcely bear;
E'en should an angel from the skies descend,
His fine-ton'd accents would disgust mine ear.

The frowns of censure, and the smiles of praise
Affect on my feelings in the same degree:
The same emotions in my bosom raise,
For all alike is vanity to me.

In vain I've try'd each Esculapian art,
To sooth my anguish, and my health regain;
Life's vital tide scarce issues from my heart,
And slowly creeps along each circling vein.

When o'er my glass these heavy eye-balls stray,
That glaze forever to its purpose true;
My meagre form I shudder to survey,
And almost doubt if 'tis myself I view.

How chang'd, how alter'd from my former plight,
When youthful vigor every sinew thrung;
When fancy wing'd her bold exursive flight,
And notes of rapture warbled on my tongue!

The dreams of pleasure which I then pursu'd,
No more shall charm me with their specious guise,
Nor shall my love of fame be hence renew'd---
For sickness yields not to the great or wise.

Alike regardless of my friends and foes,
I wait impatient for that awful hour,
Which brings existence to a final close,
And lifts the soul above affliction's pow'r.

Then, when exempt from each terrestrial tie,
My trembling spirit wings the fields of space,
Approving spirits may quit their native sky,
And smiling bear me to the Throne of Grace.

ON WAR.

FROM HANNAH MORE.

-----"O WAR! what art thou?
After the brightest conquest what remains
Of all thy glories! For the vanquish'd chains!
For the proud victor, what? Alas! to reign
O'er desolated nations! a drear waste
By one man's crime, by one man's lust of pow'r
Unpeopled! naked plains and ravag'd fields
Succeed to smiling harvests, and the fruits
Of peaceful olive, luscious fig and vine!
Here risted temples are the cavern'd dens
Of savage beasts, or haunt of birds obscure;
There populous cities blacken in the sun,
And in the general wreck proud palaces
Lie undistinguished, save by the dun smoke
Of recent conflagration. When the song
Of dear bought joy, with many a triumph swell'd,
Salutes the victor's ear, and fooths his pride!
How is the grateful harmony profan'd
With the sad dissonance of virgin cries,
Who mourn their brothers slain! of matrons hear,
Who clasp their wither'd hands, and fondly ask
With iteration shrill, their slaughter'd sons!
How is the laurel's verdure stain'd with blood,
And soil'd with widows' tears!"

EPITAPH

FROM THE GREEK.

Beneath, in holy sleep, Nicander lies;
O traveller! say not that the good man dies.

ON MAN.

WHEN we take a view of the inanimate world, how are we charmed with its varied appearance! the pulsing brook, the enamell'd lawn, the verdant grove, the lofty mountain, and the blue expanse of Heaven, present themselves almost at the same instant to our view. The prospect is extensive, exhibiting a variety of objects from the exquisitely beautiful to the grand and sublime; each of which is capable of yielding a separate entertainment.---When with the eye we trace the gentle winding of a stream, we are sensible of an emotion which is highly pleasing. We turn transported to a different object; an emotion perhaps still more pleasant succeeds. The hill, the valley, the grove, in short every surrounding object, affords the mind a delicate repast.

But not to expatiate on the inanimate part of the creation, we turn to the animate; and passing in silence over the grades of animals, fix our attention on Man.

Man, if we consider him as to his external appearance, is the most beautiful object in nature; if we bring into view his internal qualities, he is the most sublime. Extensive in his plans, and steady in his operation, no enterprise is beyond the reach of his genius, no obstacle can prevent the attainment of his object. The monarch of the earth, the boast of nature---he walks erect, with his countenance lifted towards Heaven. Love, dignity and command sit upon his brow. The breezes fan him; the fountains of the grove serenade him; and the earth for him prepares a banquet. The inhabitants of the desert retire at his coming, and humbly peep from their caves to catch a glimpse at their king. Even the grizzly lion shrinks from his presence.

His speculative mind dives into the arcana of nature. He is intimate with the doctrines of cause and effect, relations and dependencies. He discovers the principles of animation and vegetation, sees how the planets revolve in their orbits, knows their several properties, magnitudes and distances from the centre. Nor does he stop here, but with unabated ardor continually progresses, continually aspires, till he rises above the boundaries of mortal existence; then on the wing of hope, inspired by revelation, he soars aloft in the regions of immortality.

DIRECTIONS FOR READING A NEWSPAPER.

AFTER having read your paper through in the common course of the columns, you should read it directly cross the columns, and my word for it you will be pleased with the novelty. It will afford you the very thing you are seeking for, VARIETY. For, notwithstanding the words be identically the same, yet, in this new way of reading, they will be thrown together in an order so different, that the sentences, and consequently the ideas, will be entirely new. I give the following lines for an example; and I beg now, that the young ladies would read them in the common way of newspaper reading, then, that they would read them directly cross the columns; and, I will appeal to their own understanding, if they do not think the sentiment not only very different, but very much improved.

"I always did intend	To take to me a mate,
Single my life to spend,	Would grieve me to relate,
It much delighted me	To think of Hymen's chain,
To live from all men free,	It gives me grief and pain.
How happy is it then	A sweetheart is the thing,
To live without a man,	Such trouble on us bring,
A sutor to my mind,	The joy I do express,
I ne'er expect to find,	So great in singleness:
A maiden's life to live,	I never could agree,
My mind I freely give,	Early to married be."

Now I know they will like it mightily; and I am sure they will read it ten times cross the columns, to their reading it once in a different way. This new mode is calculated to be extremely useful: it certainly affords a double advantage in reading, and opens a new source for entertainment.

SENTIMENTS FROM STERNE.

SOLOMAN says, oppression will make a wise man mad. What will it do then to a tender and ingenious heart, which feels itself neglected---too full of reverence for the author to complain---see, it sits down in silence, robbed of its courage, of all its natural powers to please---born to see others loaded with carest---in some uncheery corner it nourishes its discontent---and with a weight upon its spirits, which its little flock of fortitude is not able to withstand---it drops and pines away---Sad victim of caprice.

Nothing so powerfully call home the mind as distress; the tense fibres then relax---the soul retires to itself---its pensive and susceptible of right impressions; if we have a friend, 'tis then we think of him; a benefactor, at that moment all his kindnesses press upon our minds.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

LIKE a maiden, shy and fearful,
Hidden now by turns, and seen,
Frowns now, and now art cheerful,
Spring, Creation's sickle queen.
Winter's wither'd clutches hold thee,
Doting on thy youthful charms;
Summer, longing to unfold thee,
Pulls thee to his ardent arms.

ANECDOTE.

Two boys belonging to the chaplains of two different men of war, entertaining each other with an account of their respective manners of living, "How often, Jack," says one of them, "do you go to prayers?" "We only pray," replied Jack, "when we are afraid of a storm, or are going to fight." "Aye," says the former, "there's some sense in that; but my matter makes us go to prayers when there's no more occasion for it than for me to jump into the sea."

REMARK.

Throughout the whole extent of female fashionable tactics, at the present day, the art of erecting a formidable breast-work, is by far the most important and most successfully cultivated.

By former engineers, a breast-work was constructed solely for purposes of defence; but improved by modern female ingenuity, is employed as a most direct and powerful method of attack.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1802.

"The war which for so many years has desolated Europe," is at length terminated. Captain Hall, of the ship Brothers, arrived at this port on Thursday in 40 days from Liverpool, brings the official account of the signing of the Definitive Treaty at Amiens. The important event was announced to the Lord Mayor of London by Lord Hawkesbury on the 29th March; and given to the public in a London Gazette Extraordinary, of which the following is a copy:

From the London Gazette Extraordinary.

Downing Street, 29th March, 1802.

Mr. MOORE, Assistant-Secretary to Marquis Cornwallis arrived this Morning, at 9 o'clock, with the DEFINITIVE TREATY OF PEACE, which was signed at Amiens, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th inst. by the Plenipotentiary of His Majesty, and by the plenipotentiary of France, Spain, and the Batavian Republic.

NEW-UTRECHT BATH.

It is with regret we learn, that this elegant building, for a number of years the resort of hundreds from this city, for the benefit of health, and the enjoyment of pure air in the summer months, was on Thursday about 3 o'clock, entirely consumed by fire. We have not been able to obtain particulars.

By Capt. Dodsworth, arrived from St. Thomas's we are informed, that three days before his departure, information was received there that the 10th regiment of blacks stationed at Dominica had risen on their officers (Whites) and massacred them. An express was immediately sent up to Martinique for assistance; a 74 gun ship and a frigate were dispatched to restore tranquillity; and after cannonading a small fort, which the blacks had taken possession of, for two hours, they were obliged to retire from it, and as they came out 200 of them were shot by troops stationed for that purpose.

Capt. D. further informs, that the March Packet had arrived, and brought out orders for the different Governors to put the islands in a state to resist any attack which might be made on them; in particular, the Governor of the Island of the Saints was ordered to compel such of the French as were at that place to quit it immediately.

Norfolk Herald.

On Thursday last week Mr. LEAR arrived at the city of Washington from Cape-François.

We learn that on the return of Gen. LE CLERC from Port au Prince, he informed Mr. LEAR that from an examination of the treaty between France and the United States, and from the nature of his (LE CLERC's) powers, he did not think himself authorized to recognise him in

the character of Consul of the United States. Mr. LEAR accordingly took his leave.

We understand that the treaty only authorizes the United States to send Consuls to the European Possessions of France; and that, previously to the year 1796 no American Consuls were received in the French West-Indies.

When Mr. LEAR failed, American produce was extremely low. The day before he departed, the Batavian fleet, consisting of 4 ships of the line, had sailed for New-York. [National Intell.]

A most awful and singular death happened at Westfield, the latter part of Feb. which we have not been mentioned in the papers. It was of the widow Abigail Ingersoll. Her family were all gone to one of the neighbors, except her eldest son, who went to bed between 7 and 8 o'clock. A little past 9 a little grand daughter first coming home found the house on fire, and called her uncle into the chamber, who came down and extinguished it, and afterwards discovered his mother dead, or rather her ashes. It is supposed that while lighting her pipe, she was taken in a fit and fell with her head and shoulders into the fire. One foot was found on the floor, which preserved its form, but no flesh of any other part was to be discovered. Her head was burnt off, both arms, one leg and foot, and one thigh-bone, and all consumed to ashes; and in the space of one and a half hour. There were no remains of clothing or flesh to be found, and little or no fire on the hearth. Mrs. Ingersoll was very tall and corpulent, and it is astonishing that so great a quantity of flesh could have been so completely consumed in that short space of time. Salem pap.

Extract of a letter from Chester-Town, (Maryland), April 28, 1802.

"An instance of voluntary abstinence has lately taken place, perhaps unparalleled. An infant person, named HORATIO SENEY, of Church Hall, in Queen Anne's county, Maryland, a few days ago completed a Fast of forty four days being determined (as he frequently declared) to our fall our Blessed Saviour. During this whole period, he suffered nothing to pass his lips but pure water:--No persuation whatever could prevail on him to mix milk with it. Meat, bread, &c. were repeatedly put in his way, that he might take it by stealth--it remained untouched. On the morning of the forty fifth day he broke his fast by eating one peach and two mouthfuls of homony--observing, that as his last meal was fish, his first should be the same. After this, in going to the door, he fell down, was taken up and put to bed; the next day he took half a cup of coffee, and one small biscuit, which was the last food he partook of. A short time after this, perhaps one hour, he expired. During this wonderful Fast, he rode about as usual; exhibiting a most horrid spectacle--his bones nearly through his skin, his lips shrunk to 25 to discover his teeth and gums complete. He was perfectly harmless, never having injured any one; he was therefore suffered to go at large. He was also remarkable for a retentive memory."

On Wednesday died at Cliphaw, in Rutlandshire, in the 90th year of her age, Sarah Berrige. The cause of her death originated in a scratch on her hand by a pin, which, being neglected, festered and ultimately proved fatal.----- previous to this accident she had declared she never knew an hour's illness in her life [Lon. pap.]

DIED,

On Thursday morning, after a short illness, in the 36th year of her age, Mrs. CHARLOTTE SALTER, the wife of Thomas Salter, merchant, of this city. Her domestic virtues will be long remembered by a numerous circle of acquaintances, and her loss deeply deplored by a husband and six children.

Think not her angel form shall sleep in dust;
It lives enthron'd in every kindred soul,
Till Heaven's last trumpet wake the slumbering just,
And friends no more shall part, while counsellors' ages roll.

TICKETS

IN THE NAVIGATION LOTTERY,
SOLD, REGISTERED, AND EXAMINED
by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

TO LET,

An upper Room, in a healthy part of the city,---for particulars enquire of the printer. April 2.

COURT OF HYMEN.

ALL lawful pleasures may they jointly share,
Support each other in each anxious care;
As years roll round, and age advances on,
May love be mutual, and their aim be one.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening the sad ult. at Newbern, (N. C.) by the Rev Mr Irving, Mr MOSES JARVIS, jun. of this city, to Miss POLLY BROWN, of Middletown, (Conn.)

At West Chester, by the Rev. Mr Wilkins, Mr GEORGE LORD, merchant, of East Haddam, (Conn.) to Miss ANN RANDALL, daughter of Mr Jonathan Randall, of the former place.

On Thursday evening last week, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Capt. HIRAM DOWNS, to Miss RACHEL DAY, daughter of Mr. Jacob Day, all of this city.

Same evening Mr. JOHN CROOKES, Editor of the Mercantile Advertiser, to Miss BETSEY BARBER.

On Friday evening, by the Rev. Dr Livingston, PHILIP TEN EYCK, Esq. to Miss BECKMAN, daughter of the late James Beckman.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev Dr Beach, ISAAC LONZADA, of this city, to Miss CATHARINE LEAZORS, of New Jersey.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev Dr McKnight, Mr. JOHN McEVER, to Miss ANN WEIR, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev Mr Kuypers, Mr. THOMAS DAN VILLAS, to Miss E. RADCLIFF, of this city.

On Thursday evening by the Rev. Dr O'Brien, Mr JAMES FRIAL, to Miss CATHARINE McARDER, both of this city.

THEATRE.

The public are respectfully informed, that in consequence of a want of the necessary time for preparing the pieces advertised for Mr Martin, and the disadvantages attending a Saturday night's exhibition, Mr. Fox has obligingly given up the Monday following, and deferred his Benefit to a future opportunity.

Mr. MARTIN'S NIGHT.

On Monday evening will be presented, a much admired and elegant COMEDY, written by C. CIBBER, called,

LOVE MAKES A MAN,

OR, THE FOP'S FORTUNE.

Between the Play and Farce the lovers of music will be entertained with the Grand Overture to LODOISKA. Previous to the Farce, a PROLOGUE (written for the occasion) will be delivered by Mr. WILSON.

To which will be added, (never performed in this city)

A COMEDY in two acts, called,

THE ANATOMIST, OR, THE SHAM DOCTOR.

With alterations and corrections by the Manager.

After which, a new Pantomime, in one act, called,

THE SHIPWRECK,

OR, HARLEQUIN FISHERMAN.

Scene the first will represent violent STORM and SHIPWRECK. During this scene, will be introduced, a celebrated Duett, from the Opera of the Mariners, as sung in London, with unbounded applause, called, THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR BOYS, by Messrs Wilson and Fox.

The whole to conclude with a flying leap through

A BLAZING SUN OF FIRE WORKS.

N. B. Tickets to be had at the usual place, and of Mr. Martin No. 38 CHAMBER-STREET.

Vivat Republica.

EDUCATION.

N. MEAD, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his ACADEMY, No. 10 Broad Street, is open for the education of youth of both sexes.

In this seminary are taught the elements of the Latin and French Languages, English Grammar, Spelling, Reading, Writing, on approved principles by which the learner may acquire a knowledge of the Art in three months. Composition, Logic, Elocution, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geometry, Trigonometry, Geography, Surveying, Navigation.

N. B. Lectures on morals and manners, delivered once a week and the students examined quarterly.

April 15, tf.

STAMPED PAPER.

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE WISH.

WERE mortals' wishes not in vain,
And I could, all I'd ask, obtain,
It should not be a large estate,
Nor ought that men imagine great---
Not velvet beds, nor painted domes,
Nor hangings wrought in Persian looms,
Nor diamonds from Golconda brought,
(Useless trifles dearly bought.)
Nor equipage, nor gay attire,
Nor all that glitter, fools admire:
No---give me but a little cot,
Built on some pleasant healthy spot;
The inside elegantly neat,
A little library complete;
Music for those who love to play,
Or found the time drag slow away---
A board with frugal plenty crown'd
And cheerful faces sitting round---
A cholen fet, I'd have them be
From scandal and ill nature free.
A garden fill'd with various flowers,
Shady walks, and rosy bowers,
Where with book, or favorite friend,
Sometimes a tranquil hour I'd spend;
A horse to ride, or chair and pair,
To go to church, or take the air.
O FORGIVE! (if not deaf as blind)
Hear my request---at once be kind,
And grant from thy abundant store,
Enough for this---I ask no more.

A BLUNDER.

Col. Patrick O'Blaney, as honest a Teague,
As ever took Snuff to repel Pest or Plague,
Having got a French snuff box of Paper Machée,
Which, to open, requir'd much pains, do you see,
Always kept a bent six pence at hand, in his pocket,
And call'd it his key, by the which to unlock it
As by niggling and wedging it under the lid,
He came at the Rappee that was under it hid:
But, one day, when he wanted a pinch for a friend,
He search'd for his Tetter, but all to no end,
Till, at last, 'twixt the pocket and lining he found it,
When, in rage, he cried, "Arrah, the Devil confound it
"I'll engage you don't serve me that same trick again,
"For to make me be after this hunting in vain!"
In up'n'ing the box, by the help of the tizzy,
And snuffing his nose, till his noddle was dizzy,
He chuck'd in the coin, and exclaim'd with a shrug,
While tight went the rim down, "So there you lie snug,
"And, my hide-and-seek friend, I beg leave to remind ye
"That the next time I want you, I'll know where to find ye."

ANECDOTE.

A clergyman called at the house of a lady in the Highlands of Scotland, and put up for the night. In the course of their evening chat, the good woman after acknowledging the honor conferred upon her by his Reverence, told him, that she was very anxious to ask his Reverence a few questions, which she was unable to solve---Weel your Reverence be so kind as to inform me whaw made the Scotch?---He replied, that God made them---Weel and whaw made the English?---Why, God, to be sure---Weel, says the good woman, and I have one question more, an't please your Reverence, and I have done---What? says the Parson---Why an't please your Reverence, I would wish to know, whaw made the Irish---Why, God, to be sure, it is evident, in the course of his Providence, he made all things---Weel, alack a day, cries the good woman, can this be true?---Certainly, why not says the Parson---Why, an't please your Reverence, I was just thinking that if God and his providence, had any hand in this last affair, he would repent it the longest day he had to live!!

AN odd circumstance occurred the other day in a church in Leicestershire. The Lord of the Manor had brought an action against the Parson, for shooting upon his lands; and imagining himself to be addressed from the desk, in the words, "O Lord forgive us our trespasses,"---The Squire rose in a fury, and swore he would see him d---d first.

[London paper.]

MORALIST.

PIETY may be properly represented a vigilant friend, tender and rational; it lets us see the various blessings of life---but calls us to the idea of gratitude, in order to augment our happiness, by referring it to the most generous of all benefactors. It allows us to exercise our faculties and talents---but recalls to the idea of inconstancy and infidelity, to preserve us from a fatal intoxication---It is always with us, not to disturb our felicity---not to impose useless privations, but to blend itself with our thoughts, and to unite to all our projects those mild and peaceable ideas which attend wisdom and moderation. In short in the day of adversity, when our strength is broken, in which we have placed our confidence, Piety comes to succor and console us: It shows us the nothingness of vanity and worldly situations: it calms the remorse of our souls by reminding us of a particular Providence. It softens our regrets, by presenting more worthy hopes than any earthly object can afford, in order to engage our interests and fix our attention.

THE BETHESDA (eleth) BOARDING SCHOOL, PATERSON, NEW-JERSEY. At this SEMINARY are taught reading (with propriety) spelling, grammar, writing, arithmetic, geography, the use of the globes and maps, plain work, muslin work, tambour, lace work, embroidery in a very superior stile, cloth work, print work, paper masure, marking, darning, mending silk stockings, filigree raised and flat, with many other things too numerous to mention, at one hundred dollars per annum, French, and drawing extra charges. No expense has been spared to procure assistants, and render the place agreeable; and the healthiness of it can be no longer doubted.

Mr. and Mrs. PHILIPS desire to return their grateful thanks for the patronage they have been favored with, and hope for a continuance of the like favors, as the improvements of the Scholars have been in general unexceptionable, and even beyond the most sanguine expectations of their parents, &c. The profits of the school have hitherto been expended in rendering the situation commodious, and in printing and procuring such books as would facilitate the improvement of the scholars. In this seminary, every vice is shunned with care, and every indulgence allowed that conduits with the improvement of the mind, and health of the body. NB. No Holidays given, but at the option of the Parents or Guardians. on 6w

ACADEMY.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the ACADEMY No. 417 Pearl Street, which has been occupied for several years past by Mr. PIRSSON,---a very airy and healthy situation. He intends to open said Academy on the first day of May next, where he will teach the following branches of Education, viz. Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Book-keeping, Geography, Land Surveying, Navigation, with the double altitudes and lunar observations, Geometry, Trigonometry, Mensuration, Gaging, Astronomy, and the French Language. He flatters himself that from long experience in the above line, he will be enabled to give general satisfaction to those who may honor him with their patronage. He returns thanks to his former patrons, and hopes by his assiduous care and attention to merit a continuance of their favors. JESSE HOYT.

JAMES ALWAYS, Windsor Chair Maker.

Informs his Customers and the Public in general, that he continues to carry on his WINDSOR CHAIR BUSINESS, at No. 40 James Street, where Windsor Chairs of every description, may be had on short notice and reasonable terms. He likewise informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old Chairs, when repaired, and will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order; he will paint them green or any fancy color, at a very low price.

NB. All orders for painting Window blinds carefully attended to. January 30,

Just received, and for sale by JOHN C. TOTEN, Chatham-square, near the new watch-house, and at this office.

The LESSONS of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America; selected from the Holy Scriptures: with an Exposition of all the Sundays and principal Holy Days throughout the year---Also, An Explanation of the CATECHISM of said church.

J. C. RUND respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his ACADEMY is open for the reception of Students in the Latin, and French Languages, and the various branches of English Literature.

He proposes to open a Morning School on the first of May next, for the instruction of young Ladies, in either of the above mentioned branches, from 6 to 8 o'clock---By his faithful and diligent exertions, he hopes to merit the approbation of those who may honor him with their patronage.

March 27th, 1808

00 am.

DRAWING.

THE public are respectfully informed, that JOHN JARVIS has removed his DRAWING SCHOOL to No. 28 Frankfort-street, where he continues to instruct young ladies and gentlemen in that Polite Art. May 8.

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ringworms, Tan Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurfy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pint, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. Feb. 6.

J. TICE,

Perfumer and Ornamental Hair-Manufacturer.

Has removed from No. 19 Park Row, to No. 134 William-street, next door to Mr. Robertson's Carpet Store---where he has for sale an elegant assortment of Ladies' wigs and Fillers, of various colors, and of the most recent fashions, which he has received by late arrivals from Europe---with a general assortment of PERFUMERY, of the first quality, &c. &c.

He has also for sale---A new invented Liquid Blacking for Boots and Shoes, which is an excellent preservation to the leather, and renders it water proof, and will not even soil the whitest silk. Black morocco that is become rusty, by the use of this Blacking, will look equal to new---To be had only at the above store. Nov. 14.

M. WATSON

Returns her sincere thanks to the Public for their past encouragement, and hopes a continuance of their patronage. She has removed from No. 24 Maiden-Lane, to No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City Tavern, where she has for sale, a large assortment of Ready made Linen of every description, consisting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, &c. &c. on very reasonable terms. A genteel assortment of Childbed Linen. March 27, 00 if

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Paste,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 41 William-street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatons of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balm for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Vilets and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizzets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops, the best kind, hand some Dressing Cases for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise Shell and Ivory Combs, Swabs down and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

Printed & Edited by JOHN HARRISON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.